

THE MEMOIRS

BYRON H. TIBBETTS

HUNT & GLENN, NEW YORK



BYRON H. TIBBETTS.



BYRON H. TIBBETTS.

EMANCIPATION.

Why be afraid of death as though your life were breath?
Death but anoints your eyes with clay. Oh, glad surprise!

Why should you be forlorn? Death only husks the corn.
Why should you fear to meet the thresher of the wheat?

Is sleep a thing to dread? Yet, sleeping, you are dead
Till you awake and rise, here or beyond the skies.

Why should it be a wrench to leave your wooden bench?
Why not with happy shout run home when school is out?

The dear ones left behind! Oh, foolish one and blind,
A day—and you will meet; a night—and you will greet!

This is the death of death, to breathe away a breath,
And know the end of strife, and taste the deathless life.

And joy without a fear, and smile without a tear,
And work, nor care, nor rest, and find the last the best.

—MALTBIE D. BABCOCK.

IN MEMORY
OF
BYRON H. TIBBETTS

Born June 5th, 1860

Passed Away May 31st, 1905

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B. H. TIBBETTS SEVERELY BURNED.

(From the Dickey County Leader)

On Friday afternoon of last week a prairie fire, unknown in its origin, swept over a section of valuable hay land northeast of our city, carrying with it destruction with a high and relentless hand.

Mr. B. H. Tibbetts, a highly respected and prosperous farmer living 6 miles northeast and directly in the path of the flames, seeing them sweeping down upon him, with his hired help at once gave battle. Mr. Tibbetts was plowing a fire break and his man and a neighbor were back-firing. The wind had been blowing strong from the south-west when it suddenly whipped into the northwest and bore down upon both man and team with the swiftness of an express train, burning both severely, one horse had to be killed the same evening. Mr. Tibbetts abandoned his plow and fought for his life; with his clothing all afire he made a rush for the wagon where was a barrel of water, but owing to the dense smoke, missed it. Finding himself on plowed ground he lay down and threw dirt over him to extinguish the flames.

The first that the men saw of him after the flames leaped the break was his coming toward them with his clothing on the upper part of his body all burned off and that on the lower part nearly the same. He was assisted to the house and Dr. Stephenson called. He was found to be severely burned on the back, face, head and arms, and in several places on the abdomen and lower limbs. The deepest and most severe being the back, hands and arms.

Tuesday afternoon Dr. Boardman of Oakes was called in consultation with Dr. Stephenson and his recovery is considered doubtful, the kidneys being seriously involved.

As soon as the news of the accident reached town, friends and neighbors made their way to the stricken home and offered their sympathy and help. Mr. Tibbetts is held in high esteem by all who know him, and many prayers are being offered for his recovery.

612
—
Gertrude Wild

This little memorial of the life and death of my dear husband. BYRON H. TIBBETTS, is given in loving remembrance of and thankfulness for, his prepared life; and with the prayer and faith, that by the blessing of God, the contemplation of it may be a comfort to our friends who have the same faith and courage and may lead some who are yet in doubt to accept the only satisfying life and be also ready, and thru it may he, tho dead, yet speak to those he loved.

“Call not back the dear departed,
Anchored safe where storms are o’er.
On the border land we left him
Soon to meet and part no more.”

“And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thine immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl of gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?”

ANNUAL GATHERING.

OF FORMER DICKEY COUNTY PEOPLE HELD AT EATON
RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.

Eaton Rapids, Michigan, June 23rd, 1905.

TO THE DICKEY COUNTY LEADER:—

At an annual gathering of those who have once lived in Dickey County, North Dakota, which occurred on June 21 at the camp grounds at Eaton Rapids, Michigan, it being our third meeting, in the routine of business a resolution passed that a committee be appointed to write a letter of condolence expressing our grief over the loss of our brother, neighbor and friend, B. H. Tibbetts, and extending our heartfelt sympathy to his wife, adopted daughter and the other grief stricken relatives. We realize that the community in and about Ellendale feel as we do, that they have met with an irreparable loss.

The example of our brother was so commendable. His even and cheerful spirit will long be cherished with us who knew him so well.

Those present at this meeting were Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Brown, Dr. and Mrs. D. H. Long, Mrs. A. C. Dutton, Dr. Fred Long, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Huguelett and son Merle, Beach, Michigan; Mr. and Mrs. John Green; Mrs. W. H. H. Mallory, Ellendale, North Dakota; Mrs. J. A. Wright, Jamestown, North Dakota; Mrs. Fred Hyde, and children, Webster, South Dakota; Mrs. Ed Rank and son Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Lou Gruesbeck, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gruesbeck and daughter; Mrs. Will Gruesbeck, Mason, Michigan; Mrs. Ethel Gruesbeck Thompson, Mason, Michigan; Mrs. Craig and daughter, Edna, Mr. and Mrs. L. Claflin and children, Mrs. John Gidner, Potterville, Michigan; Dr. and Mrs. Truman Shattuck and son, Mrs. Nora V. Towers, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Lamont, Charlott, Michigan; Mrs. Mary J. Thompson.

Respectfully,

MR. AND MRS. JAMES THOMPSON.

OBITUARY.

(From the West Concord Record)

Byron Harkness Tibbetts, oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Tibbetts, of West Concord, was born at Markesan, Wisconsin, June 5, 1860. When a year old, he moved with his parents to Concord, Minnesota, which remained his home until he was grown to manhood. In the spring of 1882, he took a claim near Ellendale, North Dakota, where he lived until on May 31, 1905, he died, from the effects of burns received in fighting a prairie fire almost five weeks before.

On March 11, 1886, he was united in marriage to Miss Minnie B. Morrill, of St. Charles, Minnesota, who, with an adopted daughter, Ida M., his father and mother, one brother, and four sisters, with a host of warm friends, survive him.

The following tribute, together with a picture of Mr. Tibbetts, appeared in the Ellendale, North Dakota, Leader:

Death, the one fact that comes to all mortality, has again entered our midst, and with profound sorrow and deep regret we chronicle the departure from our earthly vision of our friend and neighbor, Byron H. Tibbetts. The funeral services were held from the Baptist church (of which he was for sixteen years a member and for the past several years a deacon) last Saturday afternoon, and was one of the largest attended in the history of our city. Rev. S. W. Hover, pastor of the church, officiated.

Embraced within the parentheses of his birth and death was a life of earnest endeavor, of unsullied honor, of usefulness to his community and state, and crowned with a large measure of the appreciation of his fellow citizens.

He was a man of sterling character, deep convictions, broad intelligence and fervent piety; a public spirited citizen and thorough christian gentleman. In the home, he loved and was beloved; and in the community, in the interests of county and state, he bore his part like a true man and with the assurance that God reigns and the faith that right will ultimately prevail, looked forward to the dawning of the day of victory for the cause in which he labored and which honored him with its nomination for representative to congress—"temperance and prohibition."

He possessed that largeness of heart and depth of charity, without which, as said the Apostle Paul, "we are as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal;" and which is the diamond among the jewels of the christian's breastplate. We would that all might profit by his example.

loving kindness in the day time, and in the night his song shall be with us." And like the deep of the river, the deep of the soul of the believer—fully trusting Jesus Christ—goes calling out to the deep of God's fullness; and the great lifting tides of the divine wisdom, love and power come answering back, and the heart learns in the supreme hour that:

Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are;
 While on His breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there."

While the eventide of life has come, and in the silence of the gathering shadows, Brother Tibbetts sleeps, yet is this the end? Is this sleeping nerveless, crumbling statue lying coffined before us, the end of him who lived, loved and faithfully served? Oh! how this question has been sent wailing down all the ages. How through all the cycles since man was born, has he stood in the light of the present, and of the past also, as it comes shadowing up—stood upon the verge of the future, peering into the darkness wistfully, questioning, ever questioning: "Is this the end?" Stand and cry into the future as we may; climb to any height we will; dig to any depth we can; stretch wide our wings and soar—from star to star, from worlds to luminous worlds, as far as the universe stretches its flaming wall; we may pour our plaintiff cry through all the spheres, our only answer is in what we see about us, in what we are, and in the testimonies of the past.

Nature is ever interpreting the great fact, that life not death is the master force; and in us, there is a feeling which is independent of mere desire—a strange consciousness that is not connected with any sense of fear or hope—that there is something in us that is not of the earth, earthy; that is not of this mortality, mortal. And the evidence of the past is, that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, hath risen from the dead by the power of God, and robbed death and the grave of their victory. And he hath spoken, and still speaks, saying: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." "Because I live, ye shall live also." This we lay hold of, and in its faith say, that the life of our Brother did not end as he passed from our sight; but that he lives in the spirit world, at rest with God.

"I think it is over, over—
 I think it is over at last:
 Voices of foeman and lover,

FUNERAL ORATION.

DELIVERED BY REV. S. W. HOVER.

Again the presence of the grim reaper death, is seen and felt in our midst; and it is exceedingly difficult to find suitable expressions for the emotions of the heart, when one like our friend and brother, Byron H. Tibbetts, is taken from our earthly vision. However, so it is in this world. This is the land of the dying. Our life is as the morning vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away. Our days are as a handbreadth, and our years we spend as a tale that is told.

No sex is spared from death, no age exempt. One short sentence, he died, closes the biography of every man, as if in mockery of the unsubstantial pretensions or human pride.

“The boast of heraldy the pomp of power
And all that beauty all that wealth e’er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

Life, death, eternity; what words! How vast, how deep, how solemn. Who can measure, who can fathom their meaning. Life, when measured by time, the period in this world where those noble faculties and powers which bear man onward to unending ages unfold and develop, and where habits take form for eternal character. Life, our school room and field of duty; where we may learn of God, lovingly help and serve one another, and lay hold of things that shall be ours for all eternity. But the moment we begin to live, that moment we begin to die. In the midst of life we are in death and confronted by eternity, with its prospects of weal or woe.

The power of death is infinite to human conception, though limited to the Divine. What power save the power of God is more than a match for it? We speak of the power of money, the power of death is greater. We speak of the power of eloquence, ambition, love light and armies; we speak of the power of wisdom, nations, kings, emperors, legislators, warriors, heroes and orators; but the power of death is greater than all combined. They have all given way beneath his iron rule of might. They have all fallen before the sweep of his irresistible arm, and he holds them under his dominion of corruption.

Life moves down from the sunny uplands, toward the lengthening shadows, toward the darkness and the storm that we call death. Yet our God, who is above all, and in whom we live, move, and have our being, will “command his

how utterly inadequate are mere humane words to meet the exigencies of this sad hour. Let me point to you, however, to Christ the widows God, and a father to the fatherless; and bid you trust Him. Trust His covenant grace; trust His love; trust his pledged word. Oh balance the dark present with the glorious future; for those who sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him. He hath given "His beloved sleep," and He it is who will call unto resurrection life that slumbering dust. Let me bid you, therefore, dry your tears. Look upward unto Christ whose great heart beats responsive to the humblest of His sorrow-stricken people, and who hath said: "My Grace is sufficient for thee." The present is full of sorrow, but the future is full of joy; and bye and bye, in the glad morn not far away, faithful to Christ here, you shall again meet with him you loved, never to part. Sorrow not then as those who have no hope, but live in the fullness of God; for he is "faithful that hath promised, who also will do it."



The sweet and the bitter have passed;
 Life, like a tempest of ocean,
 Hath outblown its ultimate blast.
 There's but a faint sobbing seaward,
 While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
 And behold! like the welcoming quiver
 Of heart-pulses throbbed thru the river,
 Those lights in the harbor at last—
 The heavenly harbor at last!

I feel it is over, over—
 The winds and the waters surcease:
 How few were the days of the rover
 That smiled in the beauty of peace!
 And distant and dim was the omen
 That hinted redress or release.
 From the ravage of life and its riot,
 What marvel I yearn for the quiet
 Which bides in the harbor at last?
 For the lights with their welcoming quiver
 That throb through the sanctified river,
 Which girdles the harbor at last—
 The heavenly harbor at last?

I know it is over, over—
 I know it is over at last:
 Down sail; the sheathed anchor uncover,
 For the stress of the voyage has passed.
 Life, like a tempest of ocean,
 Hath outblown its ultimate blast.
 There's but a faint sobbing seaward,
 While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
 And behold! like the welcoming quiver
 Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
 Those lights in the harbor at last—
 The heavenly harbor at last!

—PAUL H. HAYNE.

Brother Tibbetts was but 44, nearly 45 years old; an age at which most men are considered to be in the prime of life. It is inexpressly sad that one so beloved, at such an age, right in the zenith of his career, when such a fate was least expected, should be so ruthlessly taken by the strong arm of death. He had "fought the good fight," but his race had not been run; in truth, it had just begun.

His death is a great loss to our Church with which he united by baptism 16 years ago; also a loss to the community. We will miss him more as the days come and go. We cannot replace him. We can only tearfully mourn our loss, tenderly lay our wreath of love on his grave, and take up the work he has laid down. He has gone, to a better land, but his life is yet with us.

To you who mourn the loss of the loved one, let me say, I would that I might speak words of comfort; but I realize

RECOMPENSE.

(Sent by Mrs. Etta V. Dyar.)

We are quite sure
 That he will give them back, bright
 Pure and beautiful.
 We know He will but keep
 Our own and his until we fall asleep.

We know He does not mean
 To break the strands reaching between
 The Here and There.
 He does not mean—tho Heaven be fair
 To change the spirits entering there
 That they forget
 The eyes upraised and wet
 The lips too still for prayer
 The mute despair.

He will not take
 The spirits which He gave, and make
 The glorified so new
 That they are lost to me and you.

I do believe
 They will receive
 Us—you and me, and be so glad
 To meet us, that when most I would grow sad
 I just begin to think about the gladness
 And the day
 When they shall tell us all the way
 That they have learned to go—
 Heaven's pathway show.

My lost, my own and I, by and by,
 Shall have so much to see together
 I do believe that God will give a sweet surprise
 To tear-stained, saddened eyes
 An that his heaven shall be
 Most glad and tidied thru with joy
 For you and me.

As we have suffered most, God never made
 Spirit for spirit, answering shade for shade
 And placed themselves side by side
 So wrought in one, tho separate, mystified,
 And meant to break
 The quivering thread between,
 When we shall wake

I am quite sure we shall be very glad
 That for a little while we were so sad."

(GEORGE KLINGLE.)

MRS. ANNA R. WHITE.

"Tho we have not heard lately, yet we know Byron died
 full of the faith of his and our precious Saviour."

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS RECEIVED FROM
OLD FRIENDS.

EDWIN G. PAINE.

"How full of joy are the sorrows of the christian! Joy for character and influence for good in the community that lives on like an abiding perfume; joy that we shall meet and know him over there; joy that with the redeemed of every land and time we shall sit on thrones with Him who hath loved us."

A MODEL YOUNG MAN.

Byron H. Tibbetts was a student with me for several years. A teacher comes to know his boys—and sometimes to know them better, even, than their parents do. Byron was an embodiment of openness and honor. One always knew where to find him and what to expect of him. The reformer in me cries out to the Master to hasten the time when every young man shall be a model.

EDWIN G. PAINE.

MRS. ELIZABETH M. SUTTON.

"The sad news of your husband's death reached us a few days ago, and it did indeed fill our hearts with sorrow. Mr. Sutton and I have always esteemed him very highly and considered him one of our most valued friends."

MRS. ELIZABETH PRESTON ANDERSON.

"My heart goes out in deepest sympathy to you in your great sorrow. I know it is well with him—that he is at home at rest and happy. Surely it is a great blessing to you to have had the companionship of so noble and kingly a man during all these years."

MATIE HARRIS.

"You miss him, O, so much, and you always will, but there will be so many sweet memories. Byron lived such a noble and useful life that the memory of his life will be so full of sweetness. You will have many lonely hours without him but you know he is safe, O, so safe. We can but feel that the world needs such lives but God knows what is best. He has need of him in that higher life."

proved upon. Above all Brother Tibbetts was a Christian gentleman. He had a large and sympathetic heart. People who went to him for sympathy in sorrow or trouble were never disappointed. He was a friend to whom one could tie without the slightest fear of being betrayed. He was a true and loyal friend. I should not be true in my obligation to the memory of this dear friend if I did not speak of another trait that distinguished him from many and that was his cheerful, sunshiny nature. He was the most cheerful of men. When other men were discouraged and cast-down at the prospect of failure Brother Tibbetts was always hopeful. He believed himself to be in the hands of a loving heavenly Father who would do all things well. There was no need for him to worry for the Father knew what was best. As the pastor I was impressed with the exhibition of faith which he manifested in hours of darkness when it seemed as though the interests of the Church were imperiled. His vision seemed to penetrate the clouds and he could see the sun shining behind the clouds.

Brother Tibbetts was a man who was fearless in his fight against the wrong. He could not be led to enter into any compromise with wickedness. He looked upon the saloon as being a menace to the perpetuity of our free institutions, and hence as a christian patriot he could do no other than enter into an uncompromising warfare against this giant Goliath. A great, good man died when Byron H. Tibbetts passed from earth to heaven. His loss seems almost irreparable to the church, but it is no less so to the state and to the nation. The state and nation need, O so much such men!

A standard bearer fell when Brother Tibbetts died. God grant that a large number of strong young men may spring into the vacant place and lift up the standard so worthily born by our beloved friend and brother whose untimely end we so deeply mourn."

"MRS. MINNIE TIBBETTS.

Our Dear Friend: It was with *deep* regret that we learned of Byron's death, and we, once your Dakota neighbors, now your Tacoma friends, do extend to you our heartfelt sympathy.

We know that you have lost a good, kind and affectionate husband, and may the God whom you both so faithfully served, now be your comfort and helper.

Sincerely,

MR. AND MRS. C. H. GRINNELL,
MR. AND MRS. J. M. GAYLORD,
MR. AND MRS. C. B. GAYLORD,
MR. AND MRS. C. A. CALDWELL."

"Can it be that your husband so strong, so vigorous should be so suddenly and so unexpectedly cut down! Cut down in the very prime of life! How can we spare him! Earth needs such men more than heaven does. What a loss to you, what a loss to the church, what a loss to the state! May the dear Saviour whom you both served and loved be of comfort to you in these lonely hours. He has gone but only a little while and you will have the privilege of following where a blessed reunion will take place, a reunion that will never be broken. A few brief years on this side of the boundary, all *eternity* on the other side. He has entered into the glorified presence of the risen Christ. He has joined the company of the redeemed of all ages. He no doubt would have preferred remaining with you longer, but can you doubt that he is happy now that he has reached the bounds of that country toward which he has been traveling these years? It will always be a pleasure to remember the pleasant hours we spent in your home. I have thot again and again of these since your husband's departure. May God comfort by His presence and may He bless you. Remember you have the heartfelt sympathy of Mrs. Hewitt and myself."

I became acquainted with Byron H. Tibbetts early in the spring of 1892, shortly after my settlement as pastor over the Ellendale Baptist church. It was near seven years of blessed memory that I enjoyed the privilege of being his pastor. Early in the pastorate he became deacon of the church, so the relation of pastor and deacon existed between us during the greater part of our stay in Ellendale. Today as I look back over this portion of my life it is a great pleasure for me to say that I never knew Brother Tibbetts to do a mean or underhanded act. He was frank and open in all of his dealings. If he had anything to say he did not hesitate to say kindly the words that felt his duty to utter and the very kindness robbed them of the hurt that otherwise might have been felt. Not far from the time that he was made deacon he was chosen superintendent of the Sunday School and this position he filled worthily for many years. During the period of my acquaintance I never knew Brother Tibbetts to shirk any responsibility that the brethren laid upon him, and because of his ability and willingness to serve many responsible tasks were assigned to him, and his service was always marked by distinguished ability. He was wise in judgment and when we sought his council upon matters of moment we were sure that his words of advice could not be im-

REV. J. RANSOM HALL.

"The world greatly needs just such conscientious and thoroughly christian men as he was, and can illy spare them from service in the interests of Christ's cause and the betterments of humanity."

MR. AND MRS. L. E. BUNKER.

"It is very hard to realize that Mr. Tibbetts is gone. Only God knows how great your grief must be, but be assured, dear friend, that there are many hearts that grieve with you. To all who knew him he was a kind, considerate friend. The record of his life can be traced in the better lives led by all who came in touch with him. I know how closely your hearts were knit together and also know something of how sad and lonely you must be. But still you do not sorrow as one without hope, because you have the beautiful hope of a blessed reunion bye and bye."

REV. A. H. CARMEN.

"Never to me were sadder or more disappointing words ever read than those in the Leader of last week announcing the death of our dear Brother Tibbetts. So many years have I known him, baptized him and been a guest at his home, that the news of his death, especially under such terrible circumstances, fills me with sorrow that words cannot express. But midst it all there is a silver lining to the dark mysterious cloud. I loved him for his straightforward christian character and firm adherance to the right, his unswerving loyalty to the temperance work, and faithfulness to his Saviour, and that is something for which we can well be thankful. While in a sense his work is done, in a true sense, it will never cease. Thank God for such noble characters. Just why they should be taken in such sad mysterious ways may not be plain to us but it is to Him who can see as we cannot see, and who doeth all things well. I thank God for his example to the world and his influence on others.

Brother Tibbetts is gone, but his works do follow him. Why he should be taken, and especially in such a cruel manner, is a mystery to us perhaps, and yet God can see as we cannot, and we are assured that he doeth all things well, and that He can bring good out of seeming evil. I feel to rejoice that he is out of his pain and that we may yet meet where such calamities do not come. In the meantime let us double our diligence and remember Christ's admonition, "Be ye ready, for in an hour which ye think not;" it may be our

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THE F. P. HARBOUGH COMPANY.

"We are very sorry indeed to hear of your husband's death. He was a man of sterling qualities and we sympathize with you in this bereavement which you alone feel more than anyone else."

FRANK D. HALL, SUPERINTENDENT CHILDREN'S HOME SOCIETY.

"I assure you my heart goes out to you in this great sorrow. It is a great satisfaction that he was, for so many years, a godly man in his life and conversation, and that his life was above reproach."

HE IS RISEN!

(Sent by Mrs. L. A. Davy.)

"In the shining, heavenward way,
White-robed lilies bloom today,
Waxen petals, full of grace,
Bear the message now we trace,
He is Risen!

Hear, O earth! the glad refrain
Angel voices bear the strain
Of the song from realms above
Ever-song of Christ-like love.
He is Risen!

At the sepulchre we stand,
Clasping now the Saviour's hand.
Love has triumphed o'er the sad
And has proved that Life is God.
He is Risen!

Stricken hearts need weep no more;
O'er the cross the Saviour bore
Bloom the flowers, and rolled away
From the grave, the stone for aye.
He is Risen!"

MRS. SOPHIA T. PARKES.

"But you do not need to be told where to look for help in this time of trouble, or to 'sorrow not as those without hope,' for we know your dear husband has gone to a better country, and you would not recall him from the home of bliss to endure more pain, and weep as you are weeping. I was but slightly acquainted with Mr. Tibbetts, but my recollection of him is that of a courteous, christian gentleman. You have the comfort of knowing that his consistent life was an honor to the Master he served and a blessing to the church which was so dear to him."

tions, surely is some comfort, and that what he has been and *done*, are among the things that endure and never perish, but bring forth, in due time, somewhere and somehow, their harvest in other hearts and lives. But the permissing Providence that removes such men from the field of action in the prime of life when such are so scarce and needed so much. Why is the mystery unsolved? Trusting the promise that all things under the guiding hands of Providence, may ultimately work together for good, so let us try to *trust* where cannot *trace* the unseen hand. We feel that the author of the obituary knew him and he could not have said less. So while we deeply grieve over the sad and mysterious event, we will revere his sacred memory and hope and pray that his precious life may have made its impress on other men's lives."

REV. F. L. ANDERSON, ALSO TO HIS PARENTS.

"How truly we are in midst of death when seemingly in the midst of life. We read the beautiful tribute in the Ellendale paper with great interest. After reading it, we felt that death is not death to such as have lived so beautiful and strong lives as Byron's was. Death is but the discharge after victory. What a consolation the gospel of Christ is, especially when life's clouds gather about us! Browning in a letter to a friend, once wrote, "Never say of me that I am dead." That is a glorious faith to have when sickness marks us for that other life. What a consolation it is then to know what Job meant when he said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth" and what Paul felt when he said, "I know in what I have believed." One has said, "Man needs vindication against tyranny of time and dust and death." That vindication we have in our Saviour's triumph over the tomb. In Him, all who believe triumph over death and with him are raised into that life where there shall be no death, no pain, no sorrow."

TRIBUTE.

It is difficult to find a thoroughly well balanced man. While we find many men who are conscientious in performing the ordinary duties of life, whose integrity is unquestioned, and who would refuse to do a dishonest act, yet are to a large extent deficient along the lines of spiritual thought and experience. On the other hand we find many men whose ideals are high, whose mental attributes are strong along the lines of spiritual thought, who enjoy the christian religion, and who still, to a marked degree, are deficient in the attri-

turn. Think of him as having gone home where there is no more pain, and where you may yet meet, and meet to part no more, where sorrow and disappointment do not come."

H. H. AAKER, SECRETARY STATE PROHIBITION COMMITTEE.

"It is hard to take to heart the lessons that such deaths teach, but still nothing happens without the will of God, and we are assured that all is for the good of those who love Him. May Dickens' words come true: "Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the destroyer's steps there springs up creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to Heaven." The prohibitionists and the cause for which they stand have lost a friend and earnest supporter, which means a great deal where we are so few, but the cause of prohibition is also in the hand of Him who hath assured us that right shall win."

SARAH C. SICKLES.

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

Fly away sad hours; let the balm of peace
Come to our sorrowing souls on earth.
Fly away sad hours; let the hope of bliss,
And the joy of a heavenly birth
Come to cheer the souls of the weary ones,
With a joy no tongue can tell,
And a faith to think there's a home beyond,
And a home where all is well.

On the other side of the stream of life,
Are flowered divinely fair,
And a glorious realm that is free from strife
And our friends await us there;
For well they know that the time is short,
Ere we too, shall cross the vale
And they hope with joy to greet us oft,
When we go with the "Boatman pale."

For the Boatman comes with a purpose sure
To relieve us from all pain,
When we no longer can endure,
The strain on body or brain.
He comes, He comes, with a gallant barque,
And his oars are strong and wide,
And he plies them well till we reach the ark
And are safe on the other side.

FROM A LETTER TO HIS PARENTS BY REV. U. B. CONKLIN.

"The fact that in these days of fast and visionary men with false and corrupt ideals, that you had a son that was true and noble, and of high ideals and corresponding aspira-

TRIBUTE BY HIS SISTER, ALICE E. TAFT.

"Aside from my sorrow and feeling of deep personal bereavement in the death of my brother, is the thought of the loss of such a life to the world. His earnestness, his moral strength, his courage to carry out his own convictions, made him an inspiration to all who knew him and who now mourn his death. But through this grief, because of another break in the family circle, comes a feeling of deep thankfulness that I had such a noble brother, and over and over again I am comforted by these words of the poet:

"He liveth long who liveth well:
All else is life but thrown away:
He liveth longest, who can tell
Of true things truly done each day."

Judging his earnest, helpful life and its influence for good by this standard, I feel that he lived much longer than the number of his years."

TRIBUTE BY HIS SISTER, FANNIE CONKLIN.

"How strongly we feel at such a time that truly God's ways are not our ways nor his thoughts our thoughts. It seemed to us that such a good, true man as Byron, was so much needed in the world. There would always have been an open place for him, but it is such a comfort to know that though he did not live *long*, he lived *well*, and that is the true test of what one has been to the world—not how many days, but how well they have been lived. God is sufficient for all times and I know will help us to see into the beyond and that it is truly "Beautiful to be with God;" it's only hard for those that are left. We find it hard to realize that the dear brother has passed from our circle and that our reunions here must always lack one whose presence meant so much to us all. My thoughts go back to the time when I knew him best, when we were together in the old home. I think of so many ways in which he gave promise of the useful man he became in later years; ever true, upright, kind, conscientious in the smallest matters and loyal to right and duty, Byron's was a noble life well worth the living."

TRIBUTE BY HIS SISTER AND HER HUSBAND.

In the Art Institute, Chicago, there is a striking group of statuary. A young sculptor with chisel in his upraised hand, at work on his unfinished statue, pauses with such a surprised, uncomprehending expression on his face as he feels

butes which would impel them to deal with strict integrity to their fellow man.

It has been my privilege to know Byron H. Tibbetts for the past eighteen years, not only to know him by reputation, but know intimately, and I can truly say that I have never known any one in whom the moral and mental attributes were more perfectly combined, than they were with him. In business transactions, and we have had many, he was the soul of integrity. I have never known him to break any promise to the slightest degree or do one dishonorable act. In his religious life there was nothing in the least Pharisaical, but he was always in a quiet manner by example and precept endeavoring to do his Master's will, and his labor brought greater results than he, probably, knew.

I was with him on several occasions while he was going through his terrible sufferings before going down into the valley, but never did I hear one word of complaint. His patience and fortitude, to me, was wonderful.

We have lost one whose place is hard to fill.

B. R. CRABTREE.

TRIBUTE BY HIS PARENTS, MR. AND MRS. T. J. TIBBETTS.

"We feel at a loss to know how to write all that is in our hearts and what we would gladly say as a tribute to the life and memory of our beloved son, if we could but find words to express our thoughts.

Byron was ever a good boy and all his life long was a comfort to us, for he caused us few, if any anxious hours over his conduct. He was faithful in performing the duties required of him while at home, and from his early boyhood was one in whom we could put the utmost confidence.

He was a dutiful son and as we find the shadows of our lives lengthening in our older age, it is a great consolation to feel that he lived a truly clean and upright life, so well deserving the respect of his fellow-men. He was a help to us as he was to others. His standard of living was high and he stood for the principle that he considered was right, regardless of whether it was the popular one or not. We feel that in his untimely death we have met an irreparable loss, but his trust in God was so complete and his life showed so plainly that he sought for higher things, that we cannot doubt but that it is well with him and that he did not live in vain. We can only trust that his example will continue to be an inspiration to those who knew him and that although he is dead, he will still continue to speak through others for the things of God."

TRIBUTE BY HIS SISTER, GERTRUDE E. TIBBETTS.

God does not write his reasons why,
In letters bold that we may read;
He only bids us trust and wait,
Then sends His strength for daily need.

And when He takes in tenderest love,
Our dear ones home to be at rest;
We know that though we cannot see,
Yet all is well, that He knows best.

God's noblest work is man 'tis said
But only he is worth the while
Who lives to learn, to grow, to find,
A purpose strong in each long mile.

And when there lives an upright one
Who strives to do his Maker's will,
Who battles wrong and works for right,
His place indeed is hard to fill.

We thank Thee, for the life just gone,
So full of cheer and strength and love,
For hours of sweet companionship,
With him who now has gone above.

We know our lives are better here
Because he lived and toiled for Thee;
And as he strove for what was just,
So we must strive our way to see.

We cannot see his face each day,
We cannot hear the voice so dear;
Yet we can feel that he though gone,
Still loves his own and hovers near.

Not many men who pass this way,
Have lived their lives on earth so well;
But few short years to him were given,
Tho long his work to us will tell.

Of efforts true for higher things,
Of fearless zeal for right each day,
Of faith in heaven and God above,
And trust, when sight saw not the way.

Dear brother, when our work is o'er,
And friends of us kind words repeat,
May we be found as well prepared
As thou, to go, our God to meet.

PORTION OF A LETTER FROM MRS. L. F. WHITING.

"We have known and respected Byron from boyhood and counted him a friend, and know the world is better for such as he having lived in it. May you and the young daughter be comforted, knowing he can suffer no more and was ready to go before harm befell him."

the presence of the death angel.

I have so often recalled this group as I have thought of Byron's active life at home, in the church and community, his plans for the future, and then his sudden call to lay down all of his earthly ambitions. It is incomprehensible to us, but his noble life of endeavor and achievement has left its impression on scores around him and it may be that what seems to our earthly vision, incompleting, as we think of all that he might have continued to accomplish, in the vision of the all-wise had reached its required fulfillment.

Byron's wide interest in life and the affairs of men always impressed me and inspired in me a desire to make life broader and deeper than a round of petty duties.

HELEN TIBBETTS GRANGE.

I learned to think of Byron as one whose standard of purpose and action were truly high and noble, and whose spirit always rejoiced in the triumph of right.

By his death I have lost not only a brother, but the fellowship of a great character—a good man.

W. S. GRANGE.

FROM FATHER AND MOTHER MORRILL.

"Byron left us here to mourn and toil
The reason we cannot tell,
We wait with a will submissive
Till God makes it plain to all.
His good example will live with us
And bear much fruit, for he
Lived for those that loved him,
For those he knew were true,
For the heaven that smiled above him
And the good that he could do, and
When we leave this world of care,
We shall find our missing loved one,
In our Father's mansion fair."

H. C. TIBBETTS.

"I will not attempt to add to what has been said, but in my dealings with his friends all have nothing but the highest praise for his life and his dealings with them. There are those things we cannot understand now, but we shall know sometime, and though he is gone, his memory and the life he lived, still lives and will long be remembered and there is a vacant place both in the home and church and community that can only be filled in a way. But there is consolation in the thought that we shall meet him in that better country where there is no pain or sorrow or parting, and that he was a help to those with whom he came in contact."

hope, that even so great a bereavement may be overruled for their highest good, remembering that while there is sorrow and death, "in the resurrection there is life everlasting."

Be It Also Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of our Sunday School and that another copy be handed to the bereaved family.

[SIGNED]

MRS. C. E. SMITH,
MARY B. FLEMINGTON,
MARY J. GREEN,
WINNIE TOUSLEY,
SADIE OLSON,

RESOLUTIONS.

We, the members of the First Baptist Church, of Ellendale, North Dakota, as a tribute of love and respect to the memory of our departed brother, Byron H. Tibbetts, do hereby resolve: That by his death our church has sustained a severe loss.

He was a man of ripe judgment and experience, and devoted every energy of his being to the work, with a laudable ambition to promote the highest and best interests of the entire body. That Charity, "which suffereth long and is kind, which seeketh not her own, and which covereth a multitude of sins," was one of the elements of his thorough christian character and principles of his Christ-like life.

His presence among us was ever an inspiration, and his wise counsels an incentive to nobler and better christian effort.

We mourn his loss; but trust that the Sovereign Disposer of all events will bring good out of seeming evil, and give us grace to take up and bear onward the work he has so suddenly and prematurely laid down.

"Gone before us, Oh our brother, to the spirit land,
Vainly we look for another in thy place to stand,
Will the pleasant memories swelling gentle hearts
of thee,
In the spirits distant dwelling all unheeded be?
If the spirit ever gazes from its journeyings back;
If the immortal ever trace o'er its mortal track,
Will not thou, Oh brother, meet us sometime on
the way,
And in hours of sadness greet us, as a spirit may?
Unto friends and country giving all thy earthly
powers,
Be thy virtues with the living, and thy spirit ours."

We further resolve, That a copy of these resolutions be

FROM W. W. DENNING, SECRETARY COUNTY SUNDAY SCHOOL
ASSOCIATION.

"In the resolutions of the recent Sunday School Convention it was made my duty, and I also esteem it a pleasure, to extend to you their sympathy and love of Sunday School workers of Dickey county, in this sad hour. I hope that I may so live that such words of appreciation for my life may be said after I depart this life, as I heard in the memorial service of the convention. Truly the good men do shall live after them."

SARGENT AND DICKEY COUNTIES W. C. T. U. CONVENTION.

Forman, North Dakota, June 30th, 1905.

Mrs. Minnie B. Tibbetts,
Ellendale, North Dakota.

BELoved SISTER:—

With heartfelt sympathy of this convention I send you greeting. May God be very near to you in this time of trial, may you realize that

"A little time t'will not be long,
A little while to labor for the Master and then
Eternal years to dwell with Him in light."

Yours in the faith,

MARY HEIMBAUGH,
County Recording Secretary.

RESOLUTIONS BY ELLENDALE BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Whereas, Death has removed from our midst, our beloved brother and co-worker, Byron H. Tibbetts,

And Whereas, The intimate relation held by our brother with the members of this Sunday School, among whom he long held the position of an earnest and efficient superintendent, make it fitting that we record our appreciation of him;

Be It Resolved, That the sudden removal of one who perseveringly labored in the execution of duty, or trust, and who unfalteringly bore any office or responsibility placed in him, leaves a vacancy in our ranks and a want that is deeply realized by the members of this Sunday School, and its friends;

Be It Further Resolved, That by the purity of his life, and conversation, by his bold allegiance to the right, and by his sympathy and kindly interest in all, he was inspiration and guide to his co-workers in the Sunday School;

Be It Resolved, That with deepest sympathy to the afflicted wife, and the bereaved family we express an earnest

I am not that thing you kiss;
Cease your tears and let it lie;
It was mine, it is not I.

* * *

What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty seashell, one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, and all, the soul, is here.

* * *

Now the long, long darkness ends,
Yet ye wail, my foolish friends,
While the man whom you call "dead"
In unbroken bliss instead
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
By any light which shines from you!
But in light you cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity
And enlarging paradise,
Lives the life that never dies.

placed on the records of the church, and one be given to the bereaved family.

[SIGNED]

H. A. SPERRY,
MARY ANN CRABTREE,
SETH W. HOVER,
GRACE MONTY VANMETER,
Committee.

RESOLUTIONS BY ELLENDALE W. C. T. U.

Whereas, God in His all-wise Providence has seen best to call from our midst our co-worker, Byron Tibbetts; therefore be it

Resolved, That the W. C. T. U. has lost an earnest and efficient worker, the community an esteemed citizen and the family a loving husband and father;

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved family our deepest sympathy in this, their affliction. May they be comforted with the sweet thought that he is securely resting with his Saviour whom he served and trusted so completely;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be extended to the family, and that a copy be placed in the W. C. T. U. minutes.

MARY R. ENT,
MARY HEIMBAUGH.



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